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GIL MORRICE.

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

FROM WHICH ARE TAKEN

THE CHIEF INCIDENTS

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

' Obrid me not, my lord Barnard!
' Obraid me not for shame!
' Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
' And save me frae my pain!

' Since naething but Gil Morrice beid
' Tby jealous rage cold quell,
' Let that same hand now tak ber lyfe,
' That neir to thee did ill.

GLASGOW:

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GIL MORRICE.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD.

GIL MORRICE was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay
Wha liv'd on Carron side.

'Whar fall I get a bonny boy
'That will win hose and shoen,
'That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
'And bid his lady come?

'And ye maun rin errand Willie,
'And ye maun rin wi speid;
'Whanither boys gang on their feet,
'Ye fall ha prancing steid.'

'O no! oh no! my master deir!
'I'dar na for my life;
'I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
'For to trick forth his wife.'

'My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
'My deir Willie,' he said,
'How can ye strive against the streim?
'For I fall be obey'd.'



‘ But, O my master deir !’ he cryd,
 ‘ In grenewode ye’re your lane :
 ‘ Gi’ ovr sic thochts I wald ye red,
 ‘ For feir ye fold be tane.’

‘ Haste, haste,’ I say, ‘ gae to the ha,
 ‘ Bid her come here wi’ speid ;
 ‘ If ye refuse my hie command,
 ‘ I’ll gar your body bleid.

‘ Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
 ‘ Tis a gowd bot the hem ;
 ‘ Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
 ‘ Ein by hersel alane :

‘ And there it is, a filken fark,
 ‘ Her ain hand sew’d the sleive ;
 ‘ And bid her come to Gil Morrice ;
 ‘ Speir nae bauld baron’s leive.’

‘ Yes, I will gae your black errand,
 ‘ Thouch it be to your cost ;
 ‘ Sen ye will nae be warn’d by me,
 ‘ In it ye sall find froil.

‘ The baron he’s a man o’ nicht,
 ‘ He neir could bide to taunt :
 ‘ And ye will see before its nicht,
 ‘ Sma cause ye hae to vaunt.

‘ And sen I maun your errand rin,
 ‘ Sac fair against my will,
 ‘ I’ll mak a vow, and keip it trow,
 ‘ It sall be done for ill.’

Whan he came to the broken brig,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And whan he came to grafs growing,
 Sat down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's yeat,
 Wold neither chap nor ca,
 But fet his bent bow to his breist,
 And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
 Thoch he stude at the yeat;
 But straight into the ha he cam,
 Whar they were set at meat.

' Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!
 ' My message winna wait,
 ' Dame, ye maun to the grenewode gae,
 ' Afore that it be late.

' Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 ' Tis a gowd bot the hem:
 ' Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
 ' Ein by yoursel alane.

' And there it is, a silken sark,
 ' Your ain hand sew'd the seive;
 ' Ye maun gae speik to Gil Morrice;
 ' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

The lady stamped wi her foot,
 And winked wi her cie;
 But a that she cold say or do,
 Forbidden he wald nae be.

‘ It’s surely to my bower-woman,

‘ It neir cōld be to me.’

‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady,

‘ I trow that ye be shee.’

Then up and spake the wylie nurse,

(The bairn upon her knie,)

“ If it be cum from Gil Morrice

“ It’s deir welcum to me.”

‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,

‘ Sae loud as I heir ye lie;

‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady,

‘ I trow ye be nae shee.’

Then up and spake the bauld baron,

An angry man was he:

He has tane the table wi his foot,

Sae has he wi his knie,

Till crystal cup and ezar dish

In flinders he gard flie.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,

“ Wi a the haste ye can,

“ And I’ll gae to the gude grenewode,

“ And speak wi your leman.”

‘ O bide at hame, now lord Barnard!

‘ I ward ye bide at hame;

‘ Neir wyte a man for violence,

‘ Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.”

Gil Morrice sat in the grenewode,

He whistled and he sang:

‘ O what meins a the folk coming?

‘ My mother tarries lang.’

The baron to the grenewode cam,
 Wi meikle dule and care;
 And there he first spyd Gil Morrice,
 Kaming his yellow hair.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,
 ' My lady loes thee weil :
 ' The fairest part of my body
 ' Is blacker than thy heil.

' Yet neir the less now, Gil Morrice,
 ' For a thy great bewtie,
 ' Ye' (e raw the day ye eir was born;
 ' That head fall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slaided ower the strae;
 And through Gil Morrice fair body
 He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Gil Morrice heid,
 And set it on a speir;
 The meineft man in a his train,
 Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Gil Morrice up,
 Laid him acrofs his steid;
 And brocht him to his painted bower
 And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa
 Beheld baith dale and down;
 And there she saw Gil Morrice heid
 Cum trailing to the toun.

' Better I loe that bluidy heid,
 ' Bot and that yellow hair,
 ' Than lord Barnard and a his lands
 ' As they lig here and there.'

And she has tant Gil Morrice heid,
 And kifs'd baith cheik and chin;
 ' I was anes fow of Gil Morrice
 ' As the hip is o the flane.

' I gat ye in my father's house
 ' Wi meikle sin and shame;
 ' I brocht ye up in the grenewode
 ' Ken'd to mysel alane:

' Aft have f by thy cradle fitten,
 ' And fondly sein thee fleip;
 ' But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
 A mother's teirs to weip.'

Again she kifs'd his bluidy cheik,
 Again his bluidy chin;
 ' O better I looed my son Morrice,
 ' Than a my kyth and kin!

' Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
 ' An ill dethe may ye die!
 ' Gin I had ken'd he was your son
 ' He had neir been slayne by me.'

' Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
 ' Obraid me not for shame!
 ' Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
 ' And save me frae my pain!

' Since naething but Gil Morrice heid
 ' Thy jealous rage cold quell,
 ' Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
 ' That neir to thee did ill.

' To me nae after days nor nights
 ' Will eir be fast or kind :
 ' I'll fill the air wi heavy sighs,
 ' And greit till I be blind.

' Eneuch of bluid by me's been spilt,
 ' Seek not your déthe frae me;
 ' I'd rather far it had been mysel,
 ' Than either him or thee.

' Wi hopelefs wae I hear your plaint,
 ' Sair, sair, I rue the deid,—
 ' That eir this cursed hand of mine
 ' Sold gar his body bleid!

' Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
 ' They neir can heal the wound;
 ' Ye see his heid upon the speir,
 ' His heart's bluid dyed the ground.

' I curse the hand that did the deid,
 ' The heart that thocht the ill,
 ' The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
 ' The comely youth to kill.

' I'll aye lament for Gil Morrice
 ' As gin he war my ain;
 ' I'll neir forget the dreiry day
 ' On which the youth was slayne.

FINIS.

